St. John Chronicle.
AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

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WILLIAM DURANT,
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

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Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Ranney, Sturdee & Co Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.
May 28, 1852.

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

WM. SLEETH,
MANUFACTURER OF MONUMENTS, TABLETS AND
Architectural Ornaments,
IN MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE,
may 1 DUKE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DOOLEY'S
MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE HOTEL, Post Office Building, State Street, Boston,
Terms—ONE DOLLAR per day.

We have obtained the Victory.
KENNAY & SCRIBNER,
PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS
South side King Square, St. John, N. B.

HAVING taken the First and Second Prizes, and the Diploma for their instruments, at the Provincial Exhibition, beg leave to inform the public that they can supply Pianofortes at the following prices:

Square Front Mahogany Piccolo,	£30	0	0
Rosewood O. G. Piccolo,	35	0	0
Do. Elegant do.	40	0	0
Cottage,	42	0	0
Semi-Cabinet,	45	10	0
Full Cabinet,	50	0	0
Elegant, with French front, tuss legs, and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 4-3 Octavo to A above.

N. B.—All Instruments manufactured by K. & S. will be warranted for three years.

Every description of English and American Pianofortes tuned and repaired. March 18th.

THOMAS GOW,
Plumber and Gass Fitter,
NEXT ADJOINING MERITT'S BRICK BUILDING,
WATER STREET.

HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Forcing, Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIPS' SCUPPERS, &c. &c.,—on the most approved principles LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hand.

☞ LEAD BENDS made to order.
July 2, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

Landing ex the Middleton.

CRUSHED and Bastard White SUGAR;
Boiled and raw Linseed OIL;
Cases of Salad OIL; bags Black PEPPER;
Cream of Tar, and Blue and White STARCH;
Dried CURRANTS and COOKING RAISINS;
Bath Brick and BLACK LEAD;
ARROW ROOT and Carraway SEED;
Candle WICK and BORAX.
For sale by JOHN KINNEAR,
April 10. Prince Wm. street.

SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS!
1854.

Per steamer "Arabia" the Subscriber has received from London a supply of the following SEEDS warranted fresh and true to their kinds:

BEET—Long Blood and early Turnip;
CARROT—Long Orange, Early Horn, White and Yellow Belgian, Long Surrey Altringham;
CABBAGE—Early York, Drumhead, Large Battersea, Green Globe Savoy, Morning Star, King of Cabbages;
CELERY—White Solid;
CUCUMBER—Early Frame, Long Prickley;
CRESS—Double Curled;
LETTUCE—Drumhead, Victoria Cabbage, White Cabbage, Cos;
NASTURTIUM—Red, Crimson and Yellow;
RADISH—Long Salmon, Short Top, Turnip;
TURNIP—Swedish, Laing's Swede, White Flat Yellow Aberdeen, Early Stubble, White Globe;
THYME, Marjoram, Sage, Summer Savory; together with an assortment of FLOWER SEEDS.
May 12, 1854. W. O. SMITH.

Ladies Cloth & Prunella Boots.

THE Subscriber will receive, per Steamer 'Admiral':—A Consignment of FOURTEEN CASES of Ladies, Misses, and Cildren's Cloth Prunnella and Cashmere BOOTS—which he offers for Sale at Wholesale. S. K. FOSTER.

BURNING FLUID—Per schr. Boston, from Boston, a few barrels superior Burning FLUID.
November 11. S. L. TILLEY.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON
Fire and Life Insurance Company,
Instituted in 1836,
Incorporated by Special Acts of Parliament.
Capital, Two Millions Sterling.
Unlimited liability of the Stockholders of the Company.

Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000.

Instalments called in,	£197,197	10	0
Accumulated funds,	346,972	4	9
	£544,169	14	9

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EDWARD ALLISON, ADAM JACK, } AGENTS, St. John, N. B.

The Agents are prepared on the part of the Company, to offer a very liberal scale of Premiums, and beg to solicit orders from all parts of the Province.
August 20, 1852.

New Brunswick Hotel.
Charlotte street, nearly opposite the Country Market, Saint John, N. B.

THE Proprietor of the above Establishment thankful for past favors, would respectfully inform the travelling Public, that having erected a large addition in rear of the main Building, he is now prepared to furnish ample accommodation to 70 or 80 Boarders. The Proprietor is determined to leave no means untried to merit the patronage of the community.

Travellers arriving late at night will find the House always open and ready to recive them.

The Sleeping Rooms are large and well ventilated, and the improvements and conveniences which have been made render it emphatically the House of the stranger.

It has always been a Temperance House and the Proprietor is dermined to adhere strictly to the Total Abstinence principle.

This House is centrally located, and is well supplied with well furnished apartments, clean beds, good fare, the best attention, and reasonable charges, which should render it worthy the support of Travellers.

A Large STABLE has been erected on the premises, capable of accommodating 70 Horses.

Good Hostlers are always in attendance.
July 8, 1853. E. W. FLAGLOR

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber has removed his STONE CUTTING Establishment from Dock Street, to the Premises formerly occupied by the Hon. R. L. Hazen, Union street, and immediately opposite the residence of Messrs. Lawton, about twenty rods from his former place of business, and desires of his friends and the public to take notice that he has on hand, in addition to his former Stock, a lot of

MONUMENTS,

varying in price from £3 to £60, suitable for the New Cemetery, or other places of burial in town or country; which he will certainly dispose of at a cheaper rate than any other establishment in the city to parties disposed to make the most of their ready money.

M. FITZGERALD.
St. John, April 29, 1853.

N. B.—All kinds of STONE CUTTING for building and other purposes executed to order at the cheapest possible rates.

JOHN BARRY,
Silver Smith, Jeweller & Engraver,
North side of King Street, St. John, N. B., a few doors below the *Waverley House.*

MANUFACTURER of all kinds Silver Plate viz: Tea, Table, and Dessert Spoons; Forks, Ladles, Fish and Butter Knives, &c. &c.; also, Silver Cups of different patterns, which he will furnish *Cheaper* than any other House in the City. The above work is warranted to be made of Sterling Silver, and for neatness of style and superiority of finish challenges competition.

JEWELLERY made to order and repaired.
—All Kinds of ENGRAVING neatly executed.

Traders, Pedlers, and others furnished with plain Gold Finger RINGS *cheaper* than can be imported. In all cases punctuality may be relied on. Cash and the highest price given for Old Silver.

At Wholesale Only.

300 DOZEN low price Shawl Pins, various patterns; 80 dozen Coat Links; 60 gross Agate Buttons; 180 dozen Catholic Pictures, in neat glass frames; 8 dozen Ladies' Leather Statchels; 40 dozen Berlin Bracelets; 10 gross Silk Purses; 120 bundles Fiddle Strings; 1,200 bundles Steel Beads and a variety Steel Purse Fittings, just landed ex John Barbour, for sale at the Fancy Arcade, Corner King and Cross Sts.
April 28. J. CROUCH.

BURNING FLUID.—5 brls. superior ex 'Themis,' from Boston.
March 24. W. O. SMITH.

S. K. FOSTER'S
Ladies' Fashionable Shoe Store,
FOSTER'S CORNER, GERMAIN STREET.

Ladies' White Satin BOOTS,
Just received per steamer from Liverpool, via Boston:

LADIES' superior White Satin BOOTS; Ladies superior Black Satin SLIPPERS;
Ladies' superior White Satin Slippers;
Also, per schr. "Henry Parker," from Boston:
26 Boxes INDIA RUBBERS, viz:
Mens' very best Felt Lined Patent Rubber BOOTS;
Mens' heavy Patent Rubber OVER SHOES;
Men's light Patent Rubber do.
Ladies' very best Patent Rubber BOOTS;
Ladies' superior Lace-up-Rubber SHOES;
Girl's superior Lined Rubber BOOTS;
Ladies' very best Rubber Over SHOES—light and heavy;
Boy's very heavy Patent Rubber OVER SHOES;
Children's stout Patent Rubber Over Shoes.
February 20. S. K. FOSTER.

WANTED.—Two good Cabinet Makers, to whom constant employment and good wages will be given. None need apply but men of steady habits.
M. N. POWERS, *Undertaker,*
March 31. Germain-street

MOLASSES; MOLASSES.—Just Recived per "Rio Grande from Cienfuegos
10 Hhds, 20 Tierces, 10 Barls } Muscovado Molasses very superior
March 8, 1853. ROBT. ARMSTRON.

LEECHES.—1 Case superior LEECHES.—
May 12. S. L. TILLEY.

Dedicated by Special Authority to the Queen of England.
In Parts at 1s. 3d., and Divisions, handsomely bound in Morocco cloth, gilt, 9 4-2

The British Colonies,
THEIR HISTORY, EXTENT, CONDITION, AND RESOURCES:

Illustrated with Maps of each possession, and Portraits of the most celebrated Promoters and Defenders of the Colonial Empire of Great Britain.

Adapted for the use of Statesmen, Merchants, Manufacturers, and intending Emigrants, containing the best authenticated statements relating to the geography, geology, climate, animal and vegetable kingdoms, character, customs and social state; religion, education and crime; agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries; the most recent official details concerning the population, government, taxation, and expenditure, imports and exports customs' duties shipping, defences, staple products, live stock, cultivated and waste lands, banks, coins, paper money, weights and measures, wages, &c., with a copious Colonial Gazetteer, and every description of useful and interesting information.

BY R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, ESQ., Editor of "The Illustrated Atlas, and Modern History of the World."

It has been deemed that full and correct information concerning the Extent, Condition, and Resources of the British Colonies would be acceptable to all classes of the community, and strengthen the natural ties arising from Kindred Common Origin, and Language.

Published by JOHN TALLIS 160 London. Office in St. John over Kemp & Adams's Market Square.
ROGER HUNTER, AGENT.
Saint John, April 21, 1854.

Halifax Tailoring Establishment.
Now opposite Mr. Sears' Residence, and First Shop from the corner of Princess and Germain Streets.

THE Subscriber begs leave to return thanks to his numerous friends, and the public generally, for the handsome support that has been extended to him, and assures them he will ever be ready to attend any order that may be given him for execution. He further wishes the attention of the public to his unrivalled Stock of CLOTH, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., &c.

Having carried on business in the West of England, he has had extensive experience in Cutting both Military and Naval uniforms as well as every other kind of Fashionable Dress. Subsequently he has been employed as Cutter in the first Establishment in Halifax for seven years, where he took the premium for Cutting Coats; and it was admitted by one of the best Cutters in New York that he is the best Cutter of Spring Bottom Pants in North America.

Persons wishing to learn the most scientific mode of Measuring and Cutting Coats may obtain information at this Establishment.

☞ Garments Made and Trimmed on the most reasonable terms.
August 19, 1853. C. H. BARTLETT.

HIBERNIAN HOTEL,
REMODELLED.
BOARDERS, 'BOARDERS,' BOARDERS,

THE Subscriber wishes to inform the Public that he is now prepared to receive a number of Permanent or Transient Boarders, on the following terms, viz:

Yearly or Monthly,	£40	0	0	per annum,
Weekly,	0	17	6	
Daily,	0	3	6	
Breakfast,	0	1	3	
Dinner,	0	1	6	
Tea,	0	1	3	

Cold LUNCHEONS at any hour from 10 a. m. till 10 p.m. SOUPS on Mondays and Thursdays; and by good attendance, Clean Rooms and choice Cordials (including a wee drop of the Craythur,) he hopes to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B.—Choice Shediac OYSTERS always on hand; also, Cold Roast Fowl supplied to private Families, at the shortest notice.
Sept. 30. JAMES NETHERY.

S. K. Foster's
HOME MANUFACTURES,
For Spring and Summer Trade.

GENTLEMEN'S best Walking BOOTS—English Leather;
Boys' Calf and Kip BOOTS;
Youths' Calf, Kip, and Grain BOOTS;
Gentlemen's Patent Wellington Dress BOOTS
Gentlemen's Elastic Side Walking Boots;
Gentleman's Patent Calf Elastic Side Dress BOOTS;
Boys' and Youths' Patent Elastic Side Boots;
Boys and Youths' Calf, Kip, Patent and Grain BOOTTEES;
Gentlemen's Calf, Patent, Kip and Grain *Bottees:*
Misses' and Children's Patent and Fancy Boots and Shoes;
Women's and Girls' Strong BUSKINS;
Women's Cheap House SLIPPERS.
Wholesale and Retail.
April 7. S. K. FOSTER

May, 1854.
NORTH AMERICAN
CLOTHING STORE.
SEARS' BRICK BUILDING, NORTH SIDE OF KING STRT.
R. HUNTER,

HAVING Removed his place of Business from the South side of King-street, to his present Stand, and having received per late arrivals from Great Britain and the United States his Spring and Summer Goods, now offers for sale to *Wholesale* and *Retail Purchasers*, the largest, cheapest, and most varied assortment of Goods ever previously exposed for sale by any Clothing Establishment in this market.

The stock in part consist of—

BROADCLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Russel Cords, Alapacas, Moleskins, Homespuns, Tweeds, Carsinets, &c. &c.

VESTINGS—A rich and splendid assortment, in various materials.

The clothing Department comprises

COATS, VESTS, PANTS, in every description of material in use, and of all qualities and prises, Cut in the most fashionable styles, and made up on the premises by the best Workmen the city can supply.

OVERALLS, Oil Clothing.

☞ To the FURNISHING Department particular attention is invited, as it comprises a very general assortment of Shirts, Collars, Shirt Fronts, Neck Ties, Hosiery, Gloves, Braces, Gents' and Ladies' Carpet Bags, Trunks, Umbrellas, Hats, Caps, &c

☞ Gents who would prefer selecting the Cloth and leaving their orders, can have their garments made in the most fashionable style, by the best of workmen, and the shortest notice.

No second price—all Goods marked in plain figures.

☞ Please observe that it is the *Brick Building* you go into.
May 12, 1854. R. HUNTER.

HOLLOWAYS PILLS AND OINTMENT—Just received and for sale by
Octo 1853 FELLOWS & Co.

RUNAWAY.—All persons are hereby cautioned against trusting or harboring JOSEPH H. SCOTT an indented Apprentice to the subscriber, who has left this office without liberty.
August 1853. WM. DURANT.

Poetry.

THE ELOPEMENT.

Swiftly glides yon light canoe,
O'er the silvery lake she flies—
Nought beneath but waves of blue—
Nought above but starry skies.

Gentle "Luna," queen of night,
Proudly floats along o'er earth,
Sheds alike her lovely light
On palace walls and cottage hearth.

The blue belt of ocean skies,
In cloudless beauty rolls above;
The gentle stars seem like the eyes
Of an angels guarding these they love.

And within that fragile bark
Is seated one in manhood's prime!
A lovely girl with eyes as dark
As night, sits calmly by his side.

O'er her intellectual brow,
And neck like "Parian marble pale,"
Tresses rich of auburn glow,
Softly in loose ringlets fall.

Frank now plies the dipping oar,
Eager to regain the strand,
Ella's watchful eyes explore
Yonder cottage near at hand.

Ella filled with fond delight,
Murmur's by her lover's side,
Now, dear Frank, sure life is bright,
I am thine, thy happy bride.

Yes, though dreary, sweet is life—
Many a storm we've braved together—
Now, loved Ella, thou'rt my wife—
Angry friends now ne'er can sever.

THE SHOWER.

In a valley that I know—
Happy scene!
There are meadows sloping low
There the fairest flowers blow,
And the brightest waters flow
All serene;
But the sweetest things to see
If you ask the dripping tree,
Or the harvest-hoping swain,
Is the Rain.

Ah, the dwellers of the town,
How they sigh,
How ungratefully they frown
When the cloud-king shakes his crown,
And the pearls come pouring down
From the sky.
They descry no charm at all
Where the sparkling jewels fall,
And each moment of the shower,
Seems an hour.

Yet there's something very sweet
In the sight.
When the crystal currents meet,
In the dry and dusty street,
And they wrestle with the heat,
In their might.
While they seem to hold a talk
With stones along the walk,
And mind them of the rule,
To keep cool.

But in that quiet dell,
Ever fair,
Still the Lord doth all things well,
When his clouds with blessing swell,
And they break a brimming shell
On the air;
There the shower hath its charms,
Sweet and welcome to the farms,
As they listen to its voice,
And rejoice!

Old Deacon M—— was the only store keeper in a pretty little village "up country," and used to take great pleasure in catechising the youth who might visit his store. One stormy day—business dull—the deacon was quietly smoking by the side of a cheerful fire, when a ragged urchin entered, who seemed a subject on which the deacon might exercise his questioning powers. The deacon drew a long whiff—then pulled out his pipe, and exhaling a long column of smoke, called the lad to him, and patting him on the shoulder, asked him,—"My son, what is the strongest thing you know of?" The lad thought a moment, then scratching his bump of communicativeness through a hole in his hat, answered,—"I reckon marm knows, she's tarnal strong herself—she can lick dad any time; but she said that the butter I got here tother day was the strongest thing she ever seed yet, for that was so strong she couldn't hold it after she got it down."

"THE GREY MARE THE BETTER HORSE."—The Bangor Whig relates that in the little town of Eddington, there is a family consisting of six children, the mother of whom is robust, healthy and active, but the father is of quite a different character. It had been arranged, that the wife should go to California and make her "pile," whilst her husband should stay at home and take care of the children. This arrangement was mutually satisfactory, and the woman obtained her outfit for the land of gold. On her arriving at New York she found an opportunity to cook during the passage out, and she immediately sent to her family fifty dollars of her funds, and has gone on her way rejoicing, and with the predetermination to get her share of the gold of California.

A REMEMBRANCE.—Mathews was always well dressed, and fond of a handsome umbrella. Munden was miserly in his habits. He was generally meanly dressed, and carried an old cotton parachute. After Munden had left the stage, Mathews met him one day in Covent Garden. "Ah Munden" said Mathews, "I beg you'll let me have something of yours for a remembrance.' "Certainly, my boy," replied Joe Munden, "we'll exchange umbrellas." Mathews was so taken by storm, that Munden walked off with a new umbrella.

TO PRESERVE BUTTER FRESH.—Finding the following receipt in an old paper, I send it to you, hoping that some of your many readers may be benefited by it: "Take of the best pure common salt two parts, sugar one part, salt-petre one part, beat and blend them completely together. One ounce of this mixture to every pound of butter, to be well worked into the butter, which is then put up close for use. It is to remain three or four weeks before the salt is sufficiently blended. It has been found sweet when three years old."

GENIUS AND MADNESS.—When Xantippe, Socrates' wife, threw a bucket of water over the philosopher, whom she had vainly endeavoured to provoke by words, Socrates quietly said "rain is to be expected after thunder." He (or Shakspeare) added—genius to madness is allied.

There is an eccentric and worthy man in Rochester, who, although in excellent health, has made every preparation for the disposition of his body after death. He has procured his coffin and placed it under his head, to be a constant moniter on each returning night that he is one day nearer the final goal.

"One may pick up a joke at almost any time.—Here is one that we do not recollect to have seen in print: A man was measured for a pair of boots, and enquired of the man when he would have them finished? "By Wednesday, if it does not rain!" "What has rain to do with the boots?" "Why, do you suppose that I could build a pair of boots for your feet in a house?"

THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

Towards the conclusion of the London season, seated in a corner of the waiting room of a certain fashionable doctor, named Pulford—might have been seen, one afternoon, a little queer-looking man, with a countenance ordinarily most ludicrously solemn and pompous—on the present occasion, however, wearing an air still ludicrous, of utter and perfect misery. There he sat, a picture of everything wretched, until one by one the patients had all departed, and the doctor, having held his last consultation and given his last audience, entered the room, and, in a cordial and joyous tone, as if glad that his day's labour was at an end, said to the unhappy-looking personage, 'Good morning, my dear Poppleton: a thousand pardons for having made you wait: but you know my time belongs to my patients first, and I hope you are not come to enrol yourself among their number.'

'The diseases of the mind are worse than those of the body,' solemnly answered the little man, vainly endeavouring to suppress a sigh.

'Why, what on earth is the matter?' said the physician. 'You look horribly miserable. Is Miss Poppleton ill?'

'My daughter is in the enjoyment of perfect health,' replied the other, in a tone of great bitterness.

'Well, then, what does all this mean? If you wish me to Minister to this diseased mind of yours, you really must explain yourself more clearly.—Come, speak out, man, and tell me how I can serve you.'

'My dear doctor,' answered Poppleton, throwing himself on a chair, 'we have known each other now more than twenty years. I look upon you as my best and dearest friend, and I have in you united confidence.'

'Come, come; no compliments!"

'These are no compliments. I speak from the bottom of my heart; and the fact of my pouring into your bosom my sorrows, and making to you how highly I respect and esteem you."

'To the point!—to the point!' interrupted the doctor somewhat impatiently.

'Although the information I am about to give you,' continued his friend, 'is sad, and almost heart breaking to me, to you, I fear, it will seem unimportant—nay, even ridiculous—and for this reason I scarcely know how to commence my tale. Promise never to reveal to any one what I am about to tell you.'

'The secrets of the confessional are not more sacred to a priest than the revelations of a patient to his medical adviser,' said the doctor, assuming a solemn air, in hopes that by humouring his friend he should sooner bring to a conclusion a conference of which he began to be heartily weary.

"Well, my dear friend,' commenced Poppleton, with a deep sigh, though somewhat re-assured, "you know I have a daughter: you know that she is beautiful: you know that she is entitled, in her own right, to a fortune not far short of forty thousand pounds; and you further know that I have set my heart upon her forming a noble alliance. From the time I nursed her in my arms, this has been my darling project. Young Lord Tiptop has just asked my consent to his paying his addresses to her; and now, at the very moment when all my hopes were on the point of being gratified, comes a monster in the shape of a man, and casts them to the ground, blasts all Virginia's prospects, and drives her unhappy father to despair.'

'Poppleton! what do you mean?' cried Doctor Pulford, who during the recital, had become both interested and excited.

'What has happened to Virginia—I mean Miss Poppleton?'

'Nothing as yet,' was the answer of Virginia's papa.

'Then what do you mean? Who is this monster? And what has he to do with either your happiness or the prospects of your daughter?

"You know Buffle?" replied Poppleton.

'I only know that he is captain in the army—sanguine temperament—short neck—more shoulders than brains—like a bull. I prophesied, a long time ago that he would die of appoplexy. Why, I thought you were friends!'

'Friends!' he repeated, with indignant irony.

'Now, do just speak out, or be silent altogether,' said the doctor, who had lost all patience.

'My dear Pulford, the simple fact is, Buffle is paying his addresses to my daughter.'

At this dreadful revelation the physician bit his lips until they bled in order to avoid giving mortal offence to the little man by bursting out into a roar of laughter. When, however, he had recovered his gravity sufficiently to be able to speak seriously, he said—

'Well, my dear Poppy, I did not really think that Buffle had so much good taste. But are you quite sure of the fact? Papas are generally the last to hear of these matters.'

'Alas! my friend, I am but too sure. I found it out in this way: Virginia is at present staying with an old aunt, who lives at Notting Hill. Happening to go into her bed-room yesterday, I observed (casually) that the key of my wardrobe fitted the drawer of her dressing-table. Mechanically I opened it, and found at least a dozen letters from that dreadful man, breathing the strongest love and affection."

'Hum!' said the doctor. 'It served you right for opening you daughter's drawer.'

'From the tenor of these letters,' resumed the unhappy papa without noticing the doctor's observation, 'I found that Virginia was entirely innocent—that she had never given him the slightest encouragement—all the blame rest on Buffle; and I feel that I can never forgive him—a man to whom I have opened my house—an old fellow-soldier; in a word friend—at least, I thought him one.'

'My good fellow, don't you know that our friends often deceive us? No man was ever betrayed excepting by a friend.'

'I went to him yesterday,' resumed Poppleton—'I reproached him with his unworthy conduct What do you think he said.

'He denied everything, I suppose.'

'He did, at first; but when I showed him his own letters, he found that this course was useless and, with the most impertinent air, said, 'My dear Poppleton, since I see you are too well acquainted with all I have done, I shall not take the trouble to deceive you. I love your daughter. I have told her so, and I won't promise you not to tell her so again, for in all human probability I should not keep my promise. I dare say this does not suit your book at all; so, as I always hold myself responsible for all that I do and say, if you consider yourself injured, I am at your command, ready to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman, when, where and how you wish.'

'That's what I call cool,' said the physician, with difficulty preserving a grave countenance. 'What was your answer?'

'That he should hear from me soon. I then walked away, for I did not wish to push to far a discussion of this nature."

Doctor Pulford took several turns round the room in deep thought, and then said to his friend, 'What do you intend to do?'

'What do you advise me to do: I am at my wits' end.'

'I should be very sorry,' answered the doctor, to see you go into the field against Buffle. He shoots well.'

"Shoots well! I think he does, indeed. He is a regular duelist—a fire-eater. He passes all his mornings in a shooting gallery and fights a duel every three months."

'How many duels have you fought in your life, Poppy, eh?'

'Not one said the poor man. 'Duelling is contrary to my principles—the idea of shedding the blood of a fellow-creature is revolting to me. It is a barbarous custom, and has always appeared to me a monstrous anomaly in the midst of civilisation.'

'In a word, you don't wish to go out and earn glory?'

'If I had received a positive injury—then without doubt, the voice of passion would speak more loudly than the voice of humanity for when placed in certain certain positions, the wisest man cannot answer for his actions but in the present case, things have not been pushed to a hopeless extremity. Now if Buffle, instead of using such an arrogant tone to me, had made some concessions and appologies, to which I think I was entitled, and had promised to change his line of conduct for the future, it appears to me that—in order to avoid an 'expose,' and now, don't you think it might have been possible and honourable——'

'For you to avoid fighting certainly,' interrupted the doctor; 'for if you go out with this fire-eater, I'll wager ten to one that he will bleed you most copiously, and that would not be a very agreeable operation, I fancy.'

'My dear doctor, you misunderstand me entirely.'

'On the contrary, I understand you perfectly. You want to avoid fighting, and yet you wish to make Buffle appologise to you for having dared to love your daughter, and to promise that he will abandon all future designs upon her heart and hand. If you will place yourself in my hands, I will arrange this matter for you. Before the end of this week the captain shall make you a formal apology, and shall swear never more to trouble your paternal repose. So far I can promise. Something, however, you yourself must do. To make a promise, and to keep it, are two very different things; and I should advise you to aid the captain in his observance of his oath, by taking a short journey into the country, and thus remove Miss Poppleton from the dangerous influence of his society. His regiment is stationed in London; he cannot leave it. You are free. What is there to prevent you from going to the sea-side—Torquay, for instance?'

'My dear fellow, this will just suit me,' cried the little man, rather ashamed, however, that the sharp-sighted doctor had been able to penetrate the depth of his cowardly little heart.

'I have for some time been thinking of leaving town, and I am delighted to find that you approve of the plan. But why do you mention Torquay particularly.'

'Because the climate is excellent, and the air good, especially for those who have a tendency to consumption.'

"But my lungs are excellent—are they not?" said Poppleton earnestly.

'I am not prepared to say that they are not,' answered the doctor, with a serious air; 'but precaution can do no harm—prevention is better than cure.'

'But do you think that I am threatened with disease?' said the poor little man, growing very pale.

'I have said nothing of the kind,' answered Pulford, assuming a tone of self-reproach, as if he had said rather more than he intended. 'My only reason for naming Torquay was a selfish one. I think of passing a few months there myself; and if you and Miss Poppleton are there, certainly my visit will be far more pleasant.'

'Well, I do not doubt we shall be able to arrange it,' replied Poppleton, as he left the doctor's house, far more unhappy than when he entered it; for now, in the unhappiness caused by a duel in prospective, his mind was sadly disturbed with the fear that his lungs were not quite so sound as he had hitherto believed them to be.

Towards seven o'clock, the evening of the day on which the above conversation took place, Doctor Pulford entered the club of which he was a member, with full expectation of meeting Captain Buffle. Accordingly, the first person whom he descried on entering the dining-room was the man himself, eating and drinking as if he had fasted for some days. Tall, and largely formed broad square shoulders, small lips, a magnificent chest (his tailor pleased him greatly by assuring him that it was the finest chest in London), a firm eye, and high complexion, he was just one of those men of whom you would say, "If that fellow is not either a soldier or a prize-fighter, he has mistaken his vocation." No wonder poor Poppleton was anxious to avoid a duel with so powerful an antagonist. The doctor and the soldier exchanged a mutual "How do you do?" dined together and then strolled out arm in arm.

'My dear captain,' commenced the former, 'I have rather a serious matter to talk over with you. My friend Poppleton has commissioned me to deliver a hostile message to you.'

'Do you call that a serious matter, my dear doctor?' said the captain bursting into a horse-laugh. 'Why, man, it will be fun alive.'

'Every matter is to me serious,' replied the doctor, 'which may end in blood.'

This rather increased than lessened the captain's fit of laughter.

'Oh, doctor! you will kill me with laughing.—Poor Poppy thirsts after my blood; why, he is a very cannibal. What sauce does he mean to eat me with?—sword or pistol?'

'He leaves to you the choice of arms,' answered Doctor Pulford, with imperturbable gravity.

'It is all the same to me, as I told him. Let us see; to-morrow I dine at mess—we shall have a very jolly party, and I should not like to miss it; but the day after to-morrow, I'm your man.'

'Very good. The day after to-morrow, at six in the morning exactly, we will meet you at the 'Brecknock Arms'—you know where it is; we can then proceed to some field between that and Holloway church, and settle our little affair. Will that suit?'

'Perfectly,' answered the captain. 'But I always fancied that gentlemen of your profession prefer killing their patients themselves.'

The doctor answered, after a moment's silence—"I jest, and without being aware of it, you have placed your finger on a sore. A curious, and I may say a horrible thought has just passed through my mind.'

'Oh! let us have it, by all means!' cried the captain.

'The dreadful wish that the result of your duel, the day after to-morrow might be fatal to Poppleton, occurred to me.'

'But why?' demanded the captain eagerly.

'Because, if you do not kill him, the day after to-morrow, in less than a year I shall have the credit of having done so.'

'I confess,' said Buffle, 'I do not understand you. Speak a little more clearly. Are you about to fight a duel with Poppleton?'

'Not at all; but the fact is, that I am a medical man, and consequently—in the eye of very many, who think that medicine ought to procure that health which nature has denied—responsible for the very life and existence of my patients, and as far as I can at present judge, he has not a year to live.'

'Why, what is his disease?' cried the captain, opening both his eyes to their fullest extent.

'Consumption!' said the doctor, in an accent of pity; 'his case is hopeless. I was about to send him into Devonshire. We doctors, when we are at a loss to know what to recommend next, send our consumptive cases off, either on the Continent or into Devonport. If nothing happens to Poppleton the day after to-morrow, he will set out for Torquay.'

'Do you think him in great danger?'

'In the greatest. I look upon him as a lost man. In less than a year Miss Poppleton will be freed from all control by her papa's death, and a nice little fortune she will come into.'

'Why, I thought she had a good fortune independently of her father.'

'Yes,' said the doctor; 'some paltry ten or twenty thousand pounds; but unless her papa alters his will, at his death, she is to have [illegible] like sixty thousand. By-the-way, my dear Buffle, you are a marrying man; why [illegible] you? You won't, however, [illegible] better in gaining her favour by [illegible] her father.'

At this sally the captain [illegible] amused [illegible] over his broad face, and our cunning physician.